THE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST.

B. TEMPLE, EDITOR. } "COME OUT OF HER, MY PEOPLE." { J. A. TEMPLE PRINTER.

Vol. 25. *Raleigh, N. C., Feb.* 13, 1864. No 24.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Primitive Baptist.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

Floyd C. H., Va., Dec. 25, 1863.

ELDER TEMPLE, BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

I rejoiced for some time before I left the room. I then went into the other room, and laid my precious Bible on the bureau, took up my Hymn-book and opened to the hymn which commences—

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-Seat."

And, O my brethren and sisters, my tongue has ever failed to express half my joy and gratitude. I read the hymn through, and it appeared to me that every word penetrated through my whole body and soul. It did not seem to me that I was standing on the floor. I had such a plain view of the "Mercy-Seat," myself there, and Jesus my loving Saviour, shedding the oil of gladness (His grace and mercy) on my head, that it seemed the world could not hold me.—Oh! what am I, that such favor should be bestowed on me, who am the most unworthy of all God's creation?

"What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favor'd am I,
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!

I do not know how long I was in the house, nor do I recollect going to the kitchen. The first I recollect, I found myself sitting in the kitchen by the fire, meditating on the goodness of God, with tears streaming down my cheeks. My mother came in and took a seat by the fire to warm her feet; and, O my dear brethren, and you, my dear sisters, I never had such love for her before!—I was constrained to embrace her and rejoice aloud! It was then I could join with my dear parents and my dear sisters, (four of which had traveled that blessed way before me,) in singing praises to our God, who had saved us with such great salvation. Oh! was it not a time of joy with us? We could then sing unto the Lord our Saviour, and with our mouths magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour and my King.—I heard his joyful voice!

I thought I should never have any more trouble, for my former trouble was gone. My soul was saved by grace, and nothing could trouble me. I thought I could tell others the way to life, and they would take up the cross and follow in pursuit of it. I knew that I had some enemies, but thought that I could prevail with them to forsake the ways of sin and turn and go with me, and we would serve the Lord together. My soul was full of praise and prayer.

I continued in this frame of mind all night. The next morning seemed to be the most lovely morning I ever beheld. Old things had passed away, and behold, all things had become new. I rejoiced until about 12 o'clock, when, lo! my mind was as dark, in a moment, as midnight! I could not see how my burden had got away, nor where it was gone. I had lost all sight of the glory which shone around me, and had no hope of ever enjoying it again. My sister, perceiving from my countenance that my mind had undergone a great and sudden change, said to me, What is the matter now? I thought I had religion, but I have not. I have deceived myself and my friends, and have made a mockery of religion, and now my heart is ten times harder than ever. They said they knew where I was; that I was only in the doubts. But, Oh! I could not believe that ever a christian could have been shut up in such darkness as I was in. Oh! the horrors of soul I felt at that time, no one can tell. I thought that the door of mercy was forever closed against me. But I could not cease praying to the Lord for mercy. I strove hard to get my burden back again as it was, but could not. I would have given worlds, had I possessed them, for one glimpse of that light which had shone on me. But alas! it was gone, and never would return.

A dear sister addressed me in these words: "Caroline, you say your hope is all gone—you have no hope—and now tell me what you would take for it just as it stands." To which I replied, "O, Susan, I have no hope, and am in a worse condition than ever; but to say that I would sell it and be without it, I would not take ten thousand worlds such as this." I was ashamed of my folly, and did not want any one to see me. My trouble was great. I thought God was angry with me for my pretentions to religion. I would beg him to forgive me.

I retired early that night in order to be alone. I thought I was not fit to sit in the family circle. I slept but little that night, and when I awoke I was almost in despair. I thought I never could rise from my bed. I lay until the sun had risen, and no comfort could find. But soon these words were presented to me:

> "Why was I made to hear his voice,
> And enter while there's room;
> While thousands make a wretched choice,
> And rather starve than come."

And there was a light shone around me, which seemed to be brighter than the sun. My trouble was all gone from my mind. I arose, and did not seem to be heavier than a feather. How happy I did feel when I could view the mercy of God in hiding his face from me to show me where my power lay, and that there was no strength in me to will or to do anything, but had to say, 'Tis all of free and unmerited grace alone. I could then look back and see that I had been kept shut up under the law unto faith, which should be revealed. The Lord doeth all things well; yea, he causeth both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak; and he causeth the inhabitants of the rock to sing and shout from the tops of the mountains.

Oh, what a time of feasting this was to my poor sin-sick soul! I then thought I never should hunger and thirst again.

I waited anxiously for the time to come when I could go and tell the church what the Lord had done for my soul, which I did the next meeting at West-fork, Floyd county, Va., the Saturday before the 3rd Sunday in Dec., 1844, and was received into the Church, and baptized on Sunday by Elder Jesse

Jones, (now decd). I cannot express the joy of that evening and night. My conscience was as quiet and tranquil as ever could be, and I thought that it would ever remain so. But towards day, in a dream or vision, I know not which, I viewed myself on the most beautiful hill I ever saw, and had a view of the ground below me at the foot of the hill. It was almost covered over with logs and stumps, and brush and rocks, and I know not what; and a voice spake to me and said, That is the ground you have to travel over. I then knew there were many trials in my way, and have found it even so. But by the grace of God I am what I am.

R. C. O'BRYAN.

For the Primitive Baptist.

Brown's, Fairfield Dis., S. C.,
Dec. 29, 1863.

MY DEAR BRO. TEMPLE:

I have received the 20th and 21st numbers of the *Primitive Baptist*, which I am well pleased with, and would have written sooner if I had had an opportunity. It had been so long since I had seen one, they cheered my drooping soul very much. I send you $3 to pay for it one year; and while I send my remittance for your much loved paper, I will send you a short sketch which you can dispose of as you may think best.

Perhaps some one of your readers has been beset with trials, troubles and heavy temptations, something similar to what your unworthy servant has experienced. If so, I would say to them, look to God by humble prayer, for it is a sure token that he is a child of God: for the unregenerated has none of the teachings of God's Spirit to show him his lost and ruined condition. They have a natural conscience, natural sense and a natural knowledge of the justice of God in punishing them for their sins. These, combined with the teachings of parents in youth, constitute a historical faith; but, all arising from nature, cannot benefit the soul; for nature cannot act above itself: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; because they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned."—Isa. liii. 13. "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord." And when the Spirit of God commences with the dead soul as teacher, "And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and in sins," the first lesson he teaches his children is the condemnatory power of God's holy law against sin, and that he is a sinner justly condemned by the law of God: and he does this by giving him "the Faith of God's Elect;" "Faith is the gift of God." "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "All men have not faith." This faith opens the blind eyes and unstops the deaf ears of nature. —"Having eyes but they see not, and ears but they hear not, and hearts but they do not understand." And God gives him "the unfeigned love of God which passeth knowlege". This love of God tenders the heart and makes it susceptible of heavenly and Divine impression; and he "loves God because he first loved him:" and God is holy and he wants to be holy as he is, and he hates his sins because they oppose his God and condemns his soul. God also gives him "that humble hope which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and entereth into that within the veil." These three graces planted in the heart by the Spirit of God, quickens and makes the dead soul alive to God and godliness. He now believes, not with a historical faith, but with "that faith which works by love and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world." He now "believes that

God is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." If we had no "hope" we would sink in despair, viewing the great and guilty distance we are from God by nature and by practice, and what we must be by grace before we can see the face of God in peace, would overwhelm us, and we would sink under the tremendous load: but that "love" puts his faith and hope in exercise, and he goes to work as diligently as if he had to purchase his salvation by his industry; for being under the law, he knows nothing but to work for merit, and he continues in this way until he thinks he is as good or better than any body else. "He that exalteth himself shall be abased." Hence God withholds conviction, and he gets into a careless state--neglects his duty, and satan tempts him, and he plunges into the ditch, and his own clothes loathe him. He is now tempted to despair, and fears his day of grace is past, or that he has committed the unpardonable sin. But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able to bear, but will, with the temptation, make a way for your escape. And he sees and feels his base ingratitude to his God for his love and mercy to him, for God overrules it for good to him; "For we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." And he is "taught" the great and necessary lesson of true humility and self-abasement: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." How meek and humble he pleads with God now, not for any thing he has done or can do, for he knows all of his righteousness is as filthy rags;" He remembers that "Jesus is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel;" and he comes to God in the name and for the alone worth and merits of Jesus Christ, pleading for pardon of his sins. But he cannot see how God can be just and the Justifier of such a sinner as he is, and he does not want one of God's attributes sacrificed for him. He sees and feels if God sends him to torment it will be just, and he is almost reconciled to the will of God; but he still pleads for mercy in the depth of humility and self-abasement. About this time Jesus unveils the beauty of his lovely face to his soul by faith in some precious promise, and the great burden of his sin and condemnation is taken away and buried in the sea of God's forgetfulness, and his soul exults in the praises of God and the Lamb "for the great love wherewith he loved us, even while we were dead in sins." He thinks he is so thoroughly cleansed from all sin tha the never will displease God again. But he should remember it is only the soul that is made triumphantly victorious over all his enemies in hope of eternal glory. The body is the same sinful lump of flesh that it always was, only as it is kept under by the restraining grace of God, and this makes it necessary for every child of God in every prayer they offer up to God to beg him to make his strength perfect in their weakness, and his wisdom in their simplicity, "that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour by a well orderd life and Godly conversation."

"The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Paul says, "For that I do, I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that *it is* good. Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no

good thing: for to will is present with me; but *how* to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me."—Roms. vii. 15—21.

When grace is in lively exercise in the soul, he triumphs over all his enemies. "When the ways of a man please the Lord he will make even his enemies to be at peace with him." He may for a time be so moral and upright, and live so much at ease, that he gets into a state of carnal security, which is a very dangerous place; and the word is brought to his mind, "Wo to them that are at ease in Zion;" and he thinks, "surely I am not a christian, for Jesus says. It is through great tribulation that you must enter the kingdom:" and I have no doubts nor fears, trials or temptations, and he doubts because he cannot doubt, and he fears because he cannot fear, and before he is aware the world has taken nearly his whole attention, and his God is almost forgotten, or he gets into a passion and does and says things which he knows is contrary to the will and word of God. And now he doubts on account of his vile conduct in forgetting his God, or flying into hasty passion, or accepting some other temptation; and then he thinks "surely I am singular from all other people; surely no child of God acts and feels as I do. Is it possiple! that a just and holy God can dwell in such a treacherous and wicked heart as mine? But for his encouragement the Apostle says, "Think it not strange concerning the firey trials which are for to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; for no temptation has happened unto you but what is common among men. "Whomsoever the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and he scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "Every branch in me that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." "But if ye are without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons." "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Thus we see that God overrules our losses, trials, disappointments and temptations for our good, to purge out all of our dross and our tin, and make us a bright and shining light in Christ Jesus. He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; and they are one with him; for "Christ Jesus is formed in their soul the hope of glory," and if I was to hear a professor say he never doubted or feared his standing with God. I should very much doubt his case, and the reason why I should doubt it is, because it is a general thing with the Old and New Testament saints to complain of doubts, fears, misgivings and disobedience: and God, knowing what forgetful and disobedient creatures we are, left a promise in his word for every pardonable sin. I believe the whole Christian life is a life mixed with sorrow and triumphant joy from beginning to end.

Regeneration is an instantaneous work of the Spirit of God on the soul of man, whereby he is made an heir of God and a joint heir of Jesus Christ. And we hear Jesus saying, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me! "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." And to say we live a holy life without sin, would contradict the scripture, "For no man liveth and sinneth not." Thus by the love, mercy and chastisement of God, sanctification is carried on from regeneration until the

body is made meat fit for the master's use. Then death comes and relieves the soul from this cumbrous clay, and it wings its way, being escorted by angels, home to eternal glory, there to enjoy the reconciled smiles of its loving God and Saviour Jesus Christ. The body slumbers in the dust until the voice of the Arch Angel and the trump of God shall awake all slumbering nations and call them to judgement, then the souls and bodies of all saints will be reunited and hear that welcome plaudit,—"Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Dear brethren and sisters, if a small drop, as it were, of God's love shed into our hearts by the Holy Spirit, a small ray of light infused into our souls is so sweet and fills us so full of rapturous praises to God, what will it be thus to be ushered into the bright blaze of eternal glory! Then every cord will be tuned to the highest strains of praises to God and the Lamb for redeeming grace and never dying love, while eternity runs her endless rounds, without a jar or any thing to disturb our glorious peace.

But, Oh! sinner, you must appear at that dread tribunal bar, and hear that dreadful but irrevocable sentence denounced against you, depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angles, there to linger in the keenest anguish while eternity rolls her endless wheel around. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

May God save us with an everlasting salvation, is my prayer for Christ's sake,

M. McGRAW.

For the Primitive Baptist

MY DEAR OLD FATHER TEMPLE:

I once more make the attempt to drop you a few lines, informing you that I have received two *Primitive* papers, one in November, and the other in December, and was glad, yea, very glad, that there was a way for brethren and sisters to communicate with each other in this great day of trouble and sore trials.—Many dear brethren and sisters are deprived of the *Primitive* by this awful war; but Oh! may every one that loves God and their brethren and sisters, cheer them up by saying, the Lord is with them, though their troubles lay heavy on them.

Our sons, husbands, and brothers are torne from our homes and slain on the battle field. Oh! pray, my dear brethren and sisters, that God would stay his wrath and soften the hearts of wicked men, if it can be his blessed will, that our country may enjoy peace once more.

Write on, brethren and sisters, for the *Primitive*. Surely the christians can support one religious paper, while hundreds of political papers are sent all over the Southern States. I want the *Primitive*, for I am low down, and nothing to console me. I hardly ever hear a Gospel sermon. I have trouble on every side. I hardly ever see any of my brethren or sisters, and when I do, they seem to be in distress, like myself. but the Lord said, look unto me, for in me is thy hope. And Oh! may we lean on his strong arm and trust in him in this great day of trouble.

I want to hear from you, brother R. W. Hill, through the *Primitive*, for I cannot from the pulpit. I know you are sound in the faith, and many things that you exhibited have come to pass. May God be with you, and all of my dear brethren and sisters who love the Lord and obey his word.

Write on, sisters, for the *Primitive*, for you are more worthy than I am, and you, sister Reece, for your communications are consoling.

Brother Temple, I enclose you $3—send to the same place, as usual.

REBECCA F. PHILLIPS.

Waughtown, N. C., Dec. 20th, 1863.

For the Primitive Baptist.

Williamston, N. C., 14th Jan., 1864.

DEAR BROTHER TEMPLE:—

I desire to give you a "reason of the hope that is in me," and to ask you to communicate it to your readers, if you think it agrees with the Gospel Standard:

For the first fifteen years of my life, I supposed myself as good as most other people, and became quite indifferent under the reflection that, if I was one of the elect, I should be saved any how; but, if not elected, all effort was useless, —and thus, in either event, all solicitude was unnecessary. Naturally enough, I would be considerably impressed by the deaths of relatives and friends, but would soon recover my former unconcern. I quieted my conscience by the thought, that I would attend to these gloomy, but very necessary, spiritual matters, at "some more convenient season." In general, however, I would not desist from formal devotion, except when I had a room-mate; I thought it would be hyprocrisy to pretend to pray in any body else's presence. I thought very little about the concerns of my soul, except at stated times of worship, and after having fallen into great temptations; and, in the latter case, I would have a season of most violent worldly repentance, because I could no longer trust in my self-righteousness. But I always returned "as the dog to his vomit, and the sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire." After falling into temptation, I would think it a mockery to pray *then*, and would not do so immediately, but wait awhile,—as though a few hours could cool the anger of an unchangeable God! Temptation always surprised me in a state of carnal security; when, having offered up a pretty good prayer, as I thought, and determined to work out my own salvation,—especially as the Scripture assured me that, if I resisted the devil, he would flee from me. But I resisted him in my own strength, and a spirit of carnal resolution, only. At such seasons, I would think "I am perfectly armed and fortified *now*, and do not fear him." Consequently, I would be induced by him to proceed to the very verge of lawful conduct, and, almost invariably in the end, would, like Parley the Porter, step over the hedge into sinful indulgences. After having had recourse to every expedient which my own mind and books of Moral Science could suggest, and they had all miserably failed, I even took a sort of oath never to sin again, and of course perjured myself by its violation.

I continued in this condition about five years, during which time I suppose I made five thousand resolutions to lead a better life, and broke them all. At last I was aroused into far greater seriousness and diligence by the neuralgia of the throat, which attacked me first in 1862, and grew worse and worse until the spring of 1863, when it became so malignant that I was satisfied it proceeded from a joint affection of my lungs and larynx. Dr. Wood's Practice of Medicine, which I most carefully consulted, declared that these two diseases "together, were almost necessarily fatal;" and this fully assured me of the early termination of my life.—Accordingly, I set to work in earnest, in order to prepare for that eternal state of existence which I was so shortly to enter. Of all the plans I could imagine, I concluded that, under the circumstances, the best one to recommend me to the favor of God, would be the compilation of a book upon the Evidences of Christianity,—the arguments principally to be selected and condensed from all the works I could procure, which had ever been written

on the subject. I was chiefly induced to adopt this plan by three considerations: Because, from my College exercises and the remarks of the Professors, I believed my principal talent lay in that species of composition which consisted in tolerable collection and abridgment; because the existing war, as all previous ones, had so largely increased the spirit of atheism and infidelity in the land; and because I read in the Bible that "he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," (James v. 20.,) and "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—(Dan. xii. 3.) I labored very diligently for two or three months, and thought, not indeed that this working would atone for my sins and justify me in the sight of a Holy God, (for all my education and prejudices were directly opposed to *that* doctrine,) but that it was my best, and it might, in some slight degree, serve to initiate me into His favor. But it at length occurred to me that, before working for the salvation of others, it would be more prudent to try to make my own "calling and election sure." I, therefore, increased my prayers in number, length and earnestness, and commenced reading devotional works, including a commentary on the Ten Commandments, with great vigor and anxiety, for the purpose of finding out "what I should do to be saved." The result of all my inquiries and past experience was to convince me that, of myself, I could do absolutely nothing in this matter; that the moral law was too spiritual to be evaded, and too perfect to be fulfilled by any man; that I could do no works of righteousness, for "without faith it was impossible to please God," (Heb. xi. 6.,) and this grace is the special "gift of God," (Eph. ii. 8., Phil. i. 29., Sol. v. 22.;) and, besides, that any amount of future righteousness could not make satisfaction for my past transgressions, for even he, who does all his duty, is but an "unprofitable servant."—(Luke xvii. 10.) I perceived that all my actions had been performed from love of self and sin, and not at all from a supreme love of God, and a love of my neighbor as myself.—What Christians said about their vileness, I thought was only *imaginary*, while I knew *mine* was the *dreadful reality*. I became convinced that I was indeed the "chief of sinners," because I had grossly violated every precept of the Decalogue in every act, word and thought of my life, and, that too, in opposition to the best spiritual advantages that any person ever enjoyed; for I had not only been born in a land of Bibles and Sabbaths, but had been living under the most correct evangelical teachings from my youth up. I felt that my afflictions were most justly visited upon me for my abominable iniquities. The first thing that occurred to me every morning, and the last at night, was "condemned to death—without hope and without God in the world." If sent to hell, I believed myself willing to subscribe my own sentence, and to sing "Glory be to God!" My favorite hymn was:—

> "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
> Perhaps will hear my prayer?
> But if I perish I will pray,
> And perish only there.
>
> I can but perish if I go,
> I am resolved to try;
> For if I stay away, I know
> I must for ever die."

"To whom else shall I go?" I would try to plead, "for Thou alone hast the words of eternal life."—(John vi. 68.)

I often mourned that my convictions were not deeper, and was sometimes almost in despair because they were so light and trifling in comparison to the

magnitude of my transgressions. Therefore, as one of my books (Bickersteth on prayer) advised me, I wrote off a form of confession, made up of the strongest Bible descriptions of the vileness of sin, and similar expressions from other writings. I used to repeat this form at the beginning of all my prayers, and try in that way to deepen the pungency of my convictions. But I soon became satisfied that I was depending more upon my conviction to save me, than upon the Redeemer. I, consequently, abandoned the form, and endeavored to throw myself entirely upon the mercy of God. For several days before the 28th of July last, my 21st birth-day, I implored the Lord, with all my might, to "make me a freeman in Christ Jesus, as I became, on that day, a freeman civilly and politically."—Even if I should never be pardoned and go to Heaven, I most earnestly prayed to be delivered from the vile bondage of sin. I often thought of that passage in the Psalms—"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—(lxxxiv. 10.) I was sometimes afraid that I had committed the "unpardonable sin," by obstinately resisting such full and clear inward conviction of duty. I prayed to be kept from "grieving the Holy Spirit."

All this while, the thought of the atonement of Jesus kept me from absolute despair. I continually revolved in my mind those blessed words of his—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Mat. xi. 28. Oh! with all the energies of my being, I tried to "come," I tried to "look," to "believe and be saved." But it seemed *utterly impossible*. At length, led, as I trust, by the Holy Spirit, I determined, as a last resource, to read, with the utmost attention and earnest prayer, the accounts, given by all the four Evangelists, of the crucifixion of the Saviour, and the corresponding notes of Dr. Scott. As I was most diligently engaged in thus reading and in constant, importunate prayer, and had finished all the four texts, and was upon the last part of the Notes on St. John, on Monday afternoon, 17th of August, of a sudden I seemed to be blessed with a powerful realizing view of my Crucified Saviour bearing *my* sins upon his own body on the tree of the cross! Oh! I most deeply and unutterably felt how *diabolically* wicked I had been every moment of my life, and how *Divinely* Good was my Glorious Redeemer! that it was *my* miserable and abominable sins that had slain my Divine Benefactor, the Lord of Life and Glory! Oh! I wanted to be away in some desert solitude, to weep all the balance of my life, and shed an ocean of tears! I became, indeed, "inconsolable, except by the consolations of the blessed Gospel." I believe that the "Lord poured out upon me the Spirit of grace and of supplications, and that I looked upon him whom I had pierced, and mourned for him as one mourneth for an only son, and is in bitterness for his first-born."—Zech. xii 10. I believe that this was an act of true "repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," from the effects which that impression has produced in my soul. I doubted this at first, because I was not filled with that overflowing joy, with which other believers had been blessed in the moment of their conversion. But often, since that period, have I been filled with similar "pleasing grief and mournful joy"; and, sometimes when deeply affected by the sufferings of our Saviour, I have wondered how the dear children of God could bear to have them dwelt upon so minutely, *in public*, at the Lord's Supper.

I think I have realized and enjoyed the precious promises, declarations and exhortations of the Word of God, such as these:—"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.—And let him that heareth say, Come.—And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." "God delighteth in mercy." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, for he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."—"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." "If thou hadst asked of me, I would have given thee living water."—"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things." "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no heard in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." "I delight to do thy will, O my God." "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." "I am the Lord thy God, who have brought thee out of the house of bondage." "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." "The Redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."—"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."—"The Spirit helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindess have I drawn thee." "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." "My grace is sufficient for thee." "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation." "As many as I love I rebuke

and chasten." "I will be your God, and ye shall be my people." "Our Saviour Jesus Christ gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." "This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor heighth, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "We love him because he first loved us." "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." "Pray without ceasing." "In every thing give thanks." "God worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose." "Ye are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall *any* pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and *none* is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one." "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever." "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." "As truly as I live, saith God, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."

In reading and enjoying such passages, so extremely appropriate and comforting to poor, weak, doubting, fallen human nature, I am at times greatly astonished that I have not noticed and enjoyed them before; and I *feel* that, far superior to all the External Evidences of our Blessed Religion, however accumulated and convincing they may be, is the *irresistible* weight of *internal* testimony afforded on every page of the Bible to its Divine original.

I have been very deeply affected by the invitation of the Saviour to "learn of him, for he was meek and lowly in heart;" how *infinitely* humble ought I then to be, and with what a "broken and contrite spirit!" how simple, innocent and submissive as a "little child!" how utterly "unworthy to be called Thy Son, O Father; make me as one of Thy hired servants!"

As for my afflictions, I believed them to have been the choicest temporal blessings purchased for me by the Redeemer's sufferings. I consider them as the most blessed dispensations of my Heavenly Father's hand, because so eminently adapted "my dross to consume and my gold to refine," to wean me from the love of sin and the world, to "crucify me with the Lord Jesus," to drive me into his bosom, as the only "hiding-place from the wind, and covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. xxxii. 2.

I think I have reason to hope that I have "remembered my evil ways and doings, loathed myself in my own sight for my iniquities and abominations"—(Ezek. xxxvi. 31.); that I have felt "the expulsive power of a new affec-

tion," supplanting in my heart the love of the world by the love of God. I believe that the reigning dominion of sin in my soul has been broken; but, by no means, that I am free from sin; for my faith, if at all genuine, is indeed as "a grain of mustard-seed," and I find that I am constantly thinking, saying and "doing that which I would not, and not doing that which I would." But I am at times so presumptuous as to feel that I enjoy that "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," "which the world can neither give nor take away." I desire to love much, for having so much forgiven.

If I am loved, I know it is a miracle of mercy, and alone through the sovereign and irresistible grace of God. Of myself, I never began the work, for I was going the downward road to ruin as fast as the flesh, the world and the devil could cary one. I was utterly lost and undone, and rejoice to believe that Jesus came to seek and save just such characters. Protracted meetings and anxious benches have had nothing to do with my conversion; if truly born again, it has not been "of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."—John i. 13. And, therefore, "my soul doth magnify the Lord," and to His Name alone would I give all the glory. Whitfield remarks that "we are all Arminians by nature;" and I am satisfied that the doctrine of salvation by works is a primary belief of the natural heart, and that such a belief is a sure indication of Spiritual death. Such a dogma is a species of "higher law-ism," which rejects that fundamental doctrine of the Christian Revelation —the utter depravity of the human heart. It is totally out of place in prayer, in distress, in death and in Heaven. Assuredly, the opposite truth of salvation by grace is Divine, (Eph. ii. 8. 9. and 10.); and "man's extremity is God's opportunity." The indulgence of sin may be compared to the progress of a great descending weight, which constantly gathers new impetus and momentum, and momentarily becomes more irresistible; so that nothing short of Omnipotence can dissolve the force of habit, and rescue the sinner from destruction. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil."—Jer. xiii. 23. "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit"—Mat. vii. 18. The "stronger" Being must come, dispossess the former occupant, "take from him his armour and divide the spoil.—Luke. xi. 22.

The Saviour has assured us that "Satan cannot be divided against himself, or else his kingdom could not stand;" and, therefore, neither *would* he inspire holy desires if he *could*, nor *can* he if he would,—for "every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—James. i. 17.

I sometimes think some certain promise is so enrapturing, refreshing and appropriate that it will support my faith strongly for ever. But its power seems to decline by degrees, till I find myself as poor, and barren and needy as ever. Oh, I often find cause to lament my unbelief, impenitent, ingratitude, coldness and hardness of heart, my impatience, self-righteousness, self-indulgence, vanity and love of the world. But I believe that, infinitely above all things in this transitory life, sin is my burden, Christ my desire, and the promotion of His glory and His people's good the pre-eminent aspiration of my heart; that I do most ardently long to be transformed from "the weak and beggarly elements of the world," and conformed to His Divine image,

and to have all the faculties of my mind and body devoted to His service; that I do regard Him as the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley," as "Chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely" to my soul, as the "Bright and Morning Star," "shining out of Zion the perfection of beauty!"

At times I seem to long to "suffer affliction with the people of God;" and implore to be counted worthy to glorify Him by the patient endurance of tribulations and persecutions.

I know of scarcely anything which so dreadfully affects me *now*, as the total, awful unconcern of the impenitent about the salvation of their immortal souls. I shudder to reflect that they are so carelessly and unconsciously "dancing on slippery rocks beneath which fiery billows roll!" I believe I can truly exclaim with the Psalmist.—"Horror hath taken hold upon me because of the wicked that forsake Thy law."—Psa. cxix. 53.

It is a somewhat remarkable co-incidence, that it was not more than a fortnight after the 17th of Aug., when I met with a remedy (iodide of potash) which instantly gave almost entire exemption from my extremely painful affection of the throat; while, just before, every meal I ate greatly excited and aggravated the complaint, so that it was much worse than it had ever been. I venture to take a little comfort from the thought that this sudden relief was Providential.

As for my hesitation in offering to the Church, I may observe that I always had a most fearful idea of attaching oneself to that Sacred Body, which in an unregenerate state, from those words of Scripture:—"He that eateth and drinketh (of the Lord's Supper) unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself."—1st Cor. xi. 29. But I became, at length, convinced of my duty, by "the witness of the Spirit" within me, (Rom. viii. 16,) as I trust, and by that injunction of the Blessed Saviour—"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John xiv. 15.

Accordingly, last Saturday I attended the Conference of the O. S. Baptist Church at Skewarkey, a mile from this place, gave an account of some of my exercises, was received as a member, and on Sunday was baptized in Roanoke River by my father. There was a respectable number of persons in attendance on the River-bank. We had to break ice above an inch in thickness.—But, surely, than on that day, Nature was never arrayed in a lovelier robe.—The earth was everywhere covered with a pure, white mantle of compacted hail; the trees and dwellings were hung with icicles; bright, fleecy clouds stretched along the blue expanse of heaven; the dazzling sunlight set every object in a glow of radiant splendor: universal Nature seemed to be hymning unutterable anthems of glory and thanks-giving to the Adorable Creator and Redeemer God.

I am, unworthily, yours in bonds of Christian love,

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

We give up our editorial space in this issue to our very worthy and edifying correspondents. We think they will be read with much interest by the inquiring and enlightened mind. Our old and anxiously looked-for brother McGraw, of S. C, comes to you in this number clothed, as formerly, with consolation to the poor seeking mind after a "knowledge of the Truth as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Sister O'Bryan concludes her experience in this number, as well as our highly esteemed young brother Hassel; all of which will be read with deep interest, as has been by us. Oh! how we do rejoice to see Zion travailing and bringing forth sons and daughters to the glory of God.—Ed.

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N. C. Elder C. B. Hassell for Sam'l. Rogers for 64, $3 00
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Job Printing,

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BURWELL TEMPLE.